Richer Skelter: &

OR,

The Devil upon Two Sticks:

A

COMEDY,

As it is ſpitefully Acted between

High-Church

AND

Low-Church,

IN

Moſt Taverns about *London*.

By the Author of, *All Men Mad*, &c.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year, MDCCIV.

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Helter Skelter:

OR,

The Devil upon Two Sticks;

A

COMEDY, &c.

High-Churchman.

HERE Drawer, bring us t'other Quart,
I love the Church with all my Heart,
'Tis She maintains the Power Royal,
And teaches Subjects to be Loyal:
Altho' some canting Drones and Asses,
Revile her Common Pray'rs as Masses,
And thro' Fool Consciences call'd Squeamish,
Condemn her spotless Faith as *Romish*,

I ſay, ſuch Scandals are but Fictions,
Malicious Whiggiſh Contradictions:
And I'll be bound my ſelf, by *Jove*,
Not only to aſſert, but prove,
She ſavours of no Popiſh Leven,
But is the ſureſt Guide to Heaven.

Come, Drawer, fill a Glaſs to th' brim,
Let the Low ſink, and High-Church ſwim,
For we that are the Sons o'th' High,
Shall ſurely once ſurmount the Sky,
Whilſt the dark Zealots of the Low,
Shall downwards to the bottom go.
In this ſalubrious Glaſs of Claret,
The beſt of Cordials I'll avert it,
I wiſh Proſperity with all
My Heart, to th' Church Epiſcopal,
And hope the Crown the ſame will nouriſh,
That the true Faith may ever flouriſh.
Huzza! here goes a merry Bumper,
Come pledge me, Sir, or you're a Rumper.

Low Churchman.

Methinks, good Sir, you're mighty warm,
I'd have you think I wiſh no harm,
To th' Biſhops, or the Church, God mend 'em,
Or any Hotſpurs that defend 'em.
But I muſt plainly tell you this, Sir,
I'll drink no Wine but what I pleaſe, Sir,
No High-Fly'r of you all, Gad take me,
If I refuſe to drink, ſhall make me.
Nay, I'll not pledge, for all your grinning,
Such Popiſh Healths as you're beginning:
I'd have you think I ſcorn to fear,
Any Tantivy-Ranter here.
Ay, nod your Head, and knit your Brow,
We've Liberty of Conſcience now.
Come, Neighbour Cant, God ſave the Queen,
We value no ſuch fiery Men,
God grant her Grace, as well as Breath,
To Live and Reign like *Elzabeth.*

High Churchman.

Blood, Sir, for all you talk ſo big,
I ſay, you're but a Canting Whig,
A rank diſſembling Presbyterian,
The Spawn of ſome old *Oliverian*,
Whoſe Heart maliciouſly is bent
Againſt both Church and Government;
And tho' you ſeem to wiſh the Crown
So well, you'd gladly pull it down,
And drink the Q----s Health, yet you'd rather
Betray the Daughter, like the Father;
For all the Wheedles and God bleſs ye's,
Found in your glavering Addreſſes;
Adorn'd with florid canting Stuff,
We know your inſide well enough.
I ſay, he's Rumpiſh that abuſes
The High-Church, or her Health refuſes,
And that he wou'd be glad to ſee
Once more the Scene of Forty-Three;
And who approves the Blood then ſpilt,
Muſt be a Partner in the Guilt,

And makes himself a vile Abetter,
By now consenting to the matter.

Low-Churchman.

I say, Sir, you're a meer Shite-fire,
You a good Subject, you a Lyar,
A flanting, ranting Perkenite,
A Popish Slave, a Jacobite,
That would have all the Nation groan,
Beneath the Whore of *Babylon*:
What tho' a King once lost his Head,
Why shou'd the Blame on us be laid?
Why did not your Church-Militant,
That o'er your Wine so rave and rant,
Behave themselves like better Soldiers,
And fight to keep it on his Shoulders?
Are we to blame because you lost,
What many Thousand Lives had cost?
Why did not all your Forces rally,
To stop the Mischiefs that befel ye,
But tamely stand, and sighing see
Your Martyr's sad Catastrophe?

For

For ſhame henceforward ceaſe to brag on
Your Church, whoſe Emblem, tho' a Dragon,
To ſhow it is her Conſtitution
To uphold Popiſh Perſecution,
Yet are her Sons ſuch daſtard *Romans*,
They fight us beſt in *Doctor's-Commons*,
Where their Court-Spiritual's the Field,
The Pen the Sword, and Gold the Shield:
But now be prais'd we're out of danger,
And fear no high-flown Biſhop's Anger;
No fiery Churchman's Information,
No griping Proctor or Citation;
But can ſerve God, where e'er we pleaſe,
In ſpight of Enemies like theſe;
Therefore your high-flying Words ſhan't fright us,
Your Church is gag'd and cannot bite us.

High-Churchman.

I tell you, Sir, for all your bawling,
You're an old canting Kniperdoling,
A Calves-head Knave, a Flaſh, a Bounce,
A grey-hair'd, grave, illit'rate Dunce.

Did

Did not your Tribe hatch Civil Wars,
And ſet the Nation by the Ears,
Pluck down the Church by Heaven appointed,
And trample on the Lord's Anointed,
Murder and plunder all his Friends,
And Treaſon preach to gain their Ends?
And when your Swords, thro' vile diſaſters,
Had made you *England*'s bloody Maſters,
Did not you then, with frantick Joy,
The Monuments o'th' dead deſtroy,
And like a heatheniſh pack of Knaves,
Diſturb their Aſhes in their Graves,
Ranſack God's Altars with your Forces,
Prophane his Churches with your Horſes,
Break ſacred Windows in your Fury,
Painted long ſince to Heavens Glory,
Becauſe malicious Fools, in ſpight,
Cry'd out they gave a Popiſh Light?
And when, like wild rebellious Devils,
You'd done all theſe infernal Evils,
And had the ſov'reign Power ſubdu'd,
By drinking up the Nation's blood,

Could you tell how to Rule the Roaſt,
Or uſe that Pow'r you had ingroſs'd?
At firſt 'twas ſeated in the Rump,
From thence did into th' Army jump;
Then was it plac'd in Regulators,
They had the Canvaſſing of Matters;
From thence again i'th' Parliament,
To *Cromwel* next, by their conſent:
Thus back and forwards was it handed,
And round about the Nation banded,
Not knowing how to long maintain
The Pow'r they did ſo baſely gain;
But was at laſt forc'd with diſhonour,
To give it back to its right Owner.
So buſie Monkeys that have ſeen
Their Maſter handle what is keen,
Will, in his abſence, take in hand,
What ſilly Brutes don't underſtand.
But when they've hurt ſome tender part,
And ſee the Blood, and feel the ſmart,
They gladly lay down what they found,
And lick to heal the painful Wound.

Low-Churchman.

I ſay, Sir, you're a Popiſh Biggot,
A Tyrant's Slave, a Loyal Maggot,
A ſneaking, ſervile *Tom-a-doodle*,
That has no Brains within thy Noddle,
A zealous, poor, Crown-ſerving *Tony*,
Fit only to give Kings thy Money;
A Cow'rdly non-reſiſting Bubble,
Aw'd by the fear of Death or Trouble;
A Worm for Majeſty to tread on,
An Aſs for Burthens to be laid on,
A Government's moſt uſeful Tool,
A ſacred Monarch's humble Fool,
A Biſhop-ridden *Jack a-dandy*,
A Papiſt, Sir, I underſtand ye,
A Foot-ball, ſtuffe with Loyal Zeal,
For Prieſts to kick 'twixt Heaven and Hell.
I'll war'nt you're ſuch a Loyal Slave,
You'd ſerve the Crown with all you have,
Lay down your Life, or your Eſtate,
To make your Prince profuſely Great;

Or fight like Butcher's favourite Brindle,
Rather than Prelacy ſhould dwindle;
Nay, die a Martyr for the Church,
Before you'd leave her in the lurch:
E'en hug thy high flown Loyal Fury,
I'm no ſuch block-head, I'll aſſure ye,
Loyalty's but an Impoſition,
A Popiſh Whim, meer Superſtition,
A piece of Prieſt-craft long neglected,
By every Man of ſence rejected:
Kings by the People firſt were made,
And ſhould no longer be obey'd,
Than whilſt they mind our Preſervation,
And act for th' welfare of the Nation,
Truly maintaining their Compaction,
Without Encroachment or Exaction;
But if at any time we find 'em
Graſp at more Pow'r than we deſign'd 'em,
Or that they've broke thro', or forſaken,
The ſolemn Vows and Oaths they've taken;
Or if they prove ſuch Storks or Logs,
Complain'd of by old *Æſop*'s Frogs,

The ſuffering People may diſmount
Such Kings, and call them to account;
For can a Man of Moderation,
Think it a heavenly Obligation,
That we, the Sons of Chriſt, muſt pay
Homage to'n arbitrary Sway,
And that the Land muſt be undone,
To gratify the Pride of one.
Poh! Nonſence, fooliſh Foppery,
Nay, downright dev'liſh Popery,
To think we muſt be Slaves to them
That wear the Peoples Diadem.
No, no, we know much better things,
Than e'er to make ſuch Gods of Kings:
Jure Divino's out of faſhion,
And laugh'd at now by the whole Nation;
God only made them Men, 'tis we
That yield them their Authority.
It's Conqueſt gives a right to Rule,
The Throne's ſuch a precarious Stool,
That whoſoever ſits thereon,
Muſt always have his Dagger drawn;

For if the People can by force,
Dethrone the Victor, or do worse,
Their native freedom to recover,
Their Right's the same with his all over;
'Tis not to say he made us Swear,
That we would true Allegiance bear,
And that we are his Slaves, in troth,
Because we've taken such an Oath.
No, since we can't dispute his Title,
We're forc'd to flatter him a little,
And only do what he desires,
To gain those Points our Case requires;
Not that an Oath can binding be
Extorted in Necessity:
For Bonds in Prison are not good,
There is no reason that they shou'd:
What tho' a Thief upon the Road
Robs me, and makes me swear by G—d,
I'd ne'er discover him, should I find him,
Do you believe this Oath is binding?
No, by my Troth, for all I'd sworn,
I'd make him take a Dose in turn.

And

And after all your mighty Rattles,
Of *Norman* Victories and Battles,
A Conqueror, 'twixt me and you,
Is but the greater Thief o'th' two.
Nor can the Oaths he puts upon us,
When by the Sword he's over-run us,
Bind us t' acknowledge his Protection,
Longer than he can force Subjection;
But when we find his Strength doth fail,
And we can o'er his Pow'r prevail,
We have the self-same Title then
To Govern, as he had to Reign.
And if we pull the Tyrant down,
And from his Temples snatch the Crown,
We take no more than what's our own:
Yet you, poor Loyal Fools, will cry,
We've done much Wrong to Majesty.
'Tis true, if he has pow'r to quell
Our Arms, he'll say that we rebel;
And then 'tis we that must be halter'd,
Because in our attempt we falter'd.

But if Succeſs ſhould crown our Matters,
The King and's Friends are then the Traytors:
For th' Law, we've ſeen it often try'd,
Is always on the ſtrongeſt ſide;
Therefore 'tis Fortune's love or ſpight,
That makes the Matter wrong or right:
She handy-caps all Earthly Powers,
And as it falls, 'tis yours or ours:
Thus things, in ſpight of all our Fancies,
Begin and end in Lots and Chances,

As to your proud and lazy Prelates,
So much ador'd by Popiſh Zealots,
I tell you plainly I abhor 'em,
And think there's no occaſion for 'em.
The Shepherd's Crook their Lordſhips wear,
To ſignify their Paſtoral Care,
Is of no other ſervice grown,
Unleſs to hook the Church to th' Crown;
Nor does their ſitting in the H-ll-
To th' Publick, ſignify a Louſe,
Only in Matters of debate,
That happen to enflame the State,

They

They add to the Lord's Scale of Power,
And make their Houſe outweigh the Lower;
Or as they ſee good reaſon why,
Make the *Low-Church* outweigh the *High*.
I am not willing to forget
The mighty good they did of late,
But fear they'll prove ſuch pious Men,
As to undo it all again.
To tell you truly I ſuſpect 'em,
And cannot cordially affect 'em.
But dare to own before my Betters,
I love no Cardinals Caps or Miters.

High-Churchman.

Now Rage thy envious Heart has fir'd,
I'll warr'nt thou think'ſt thy ſelf inſpir'd
And that the baſe rebellious Babble,
In ſpight thou'ſt utter'd at the Table,
Is fill'd with ſo much charming ſence,
And ſuch convincing Arguments,
That nothing can withſtand the force
Of thy Fanatical Diſcourſe.

But I muſt tell thee, thou'rt a Dolt,
A Fool for ſhooting ſuch a Bolt;
You fire at random in the dark,
And fall a Mile beſide the Mark,
Show by your Talk that you're a ſcurvy
Knave, that would turn us topſy-turvy,
A reſtleſs Wretch, that wants to tower
Above thy Merit or thy Power,
Poſſeſs'd with that ſtrange ſtupifaction,
As t'wiſh thy native Land's diſtraction,
T'enrich thy ſelf by others ruin,
And thrive by honeſt Mens undoing.
I wonder who firſt taught thee Treaſon,
And how thou ſuckt in ſo much Poyſon,
To think the People may dethrone
The King, and make his Pow'r their own;
And that each proud fanatick Fool,
May teach his Sovereign to Rule;
And if he ſlights the Form he ſhows him,
He then in Juſtice may depoſe him,
If he his Game ſo well can play,
As gain but ſtrength to win the Day;

So

So any Rebel, you will own,
Has a juſt Title to the Crown,
If once by force he can but gain it,
And has but Power to maintain it.
Rare Doctrine! ſure from Hell firſt brought,
By ſome Incarnate Devil taught;
Some Guile of *Lucifer's*, deſign'd
To ſpoil the Peace of Human-kind,
To foment Feuds to Civil Wars,
And ſet whole Kingdoms by the Ears:
For where ſuch Notions do encreaſe,
There can be no ſuch thing as Peace:
Such Tenets multiply Enthuſions,
Who nouriſh by their curs'd Illuſions,
Nothing but Miſeries and Confuſions.
Kings were, at firſt by Heav'n appointed,
And by God's holy Prieſt anointed:
Not plac'd by th' People o'er the Land,
But govern'd by Divine Command.
The Lord himſelf by Revelation,
Gave to his Prieſt the nomination,
Without the Subjects approbation.

But when the People he abus'd,
And the great Pow'r he had misus'd,
So that just Heaven disapprov'd him,
God himself judg'd him and remov'd him
By giving a Dream or Vision,
To his High-Priest, a new Commission
To openly declare his Word,
Reveal'd unto him by the Lord;
That Heaven had denounc'd in Anger,
So ill a King should reign no longer;
And that the Lord had now appointed
Another Prince to be Anointed.
On the Kings misrule or defection,
God gave the People no Election,
They were oblig'd to be content
With such a King as Heaven sent,
And to approve his Government.
For if the People by their Voice
Made Kings, and they should Rule by choice,
They'd Vote their Monarchs up and down,
And so precarious make the Crown,

That e're they'd long one King obey'd
They'd chuſe another o'er his Head;
So that the Throne would be a Chair,
Much fitter for my good Lord Mayr.
Beſides, allow that Monarchie
Should (as you wiſh) elective be,
In our divided wrangling Nation,
So full of Strife and Emulation;
How would two Parties, that oppoſe
Each other as inveterate Foes,
That diſunite in ev'ry thing,
Agree in chuſing of a King?
Both would their Fav'rites countenance,
And each ſide would their own advance;
They'd ne'er concurr in any One,
And if we've Two we'd's good have none:
Then if two Parties by their Voices,
To pleaſe themſelves make diff'rent Choices,
How muſt they then diſpute their Right,
Unleſs it be by open fight?
The Sword muſt be the Arbitrator,
And Conqueſt muſt decide the Matter;

So terminate, in ſpight of Votes,
In cutting one anothers Throats.
Thus ev'ry popular Election
Would end in Miſery and Diſtraction.
The City ſcarce can chuſe her May'rs,
But fall together by the Ears;
Nor Country Boors and Clowns content themſelves to chuſe thoſe that repreſent them,
Leſt every ſuch Election cloſes
With broken Heads and bloody Noſes.
What Evils then muſt needs befal us,
Were we to chuſe the Kings that Rule us?
Should *England* e'er prove ſo defective,
As once to make her Crown Elective,
Whoever we ſhould chuſe as King,
Would find he ſtood ſo tottering
That he muſt like a Tyrant Rule,
And make us Slaves or be our Fool.

As for Eccleſiaſtick Pow'rs,
My Thoughts repugnant are to yours;

The Church could ne'er in ſafety ſtand,
In ſuch a looſe divided Land
Had ſhe not Biſhops to ſupport her,
Againſt diſſenting Crowds that thwart her,
Good Fathers ſingled out by Heaven,
To whom the Hierarchy is given,
The beſt of Guides our Schools ſend forth,
Men of great Learning, Zeal, and Worth,
Pillars o'th' Church, and props of State,
So good, they cannot be too Great,
Divinely excellent we ſee,
And Pious to the laſt degree;
Loyal to th' Queen, to th' Nation juſt,
As faithful to their ſacred Truſt;
And charitably kind to thoſe
(Your Tribe I mean) their ſpightful Foes;
Who tho' they labour'd for you hard,
On Wool-packs, and at Council-Board,
Yet you can't yield 'em one good Word
But ——

Low-Churchman.

Wouns, hold your Popiſh tittle-tattle,
'Twould make one ſwear to hear you rattle;
Nay, put a Saint into a Paſſion,
To liſten to your vile Oration.
Why, what a Pox (forgive good L--d
My ſpeaking ſuch a wicked Word:
But what good Man on Earth can be
From ſuch vain filthy Language free,
In ſuch provoking Company!)
I ſay, Sir, you're a Perkenite,
And talk like any Bedlamite:
You're Mad, and know not what you ſay,
But rave like one that would betray
Our *Engliſh* Liberties and Rights,
Into the hands of *Jacobites*,
And make us all poor ſlaviſh Creatures,
To heath'niſh Crowns and Popiſh Miters:
But e're ſuch Times ſhall come about,
We'll make the Devil of a rout;

Alarm

Alarm your Ears with ſuch ſtrange Thunder,
That ſhould turn all your hopes to wonder:
For all I'm old, I thank the Lord,
I'm able ſtill to wield a Sword,
Or cock a Muſquet in the Field,
And would do both, before I'd yield
The Pow'r of *England* ſhould be given
To any Papiſt under Heaven.

Go, you're a *Romiſh Tory*, Sir,
A meer Cathedral Worſhipper,
That goes to Church to hear a Jargon
Of Popiſh Maſſes with the Organ;
As if you thought (by your advancing
Fine Tunes) your Saints above lov'd Dancing.
I ſay, ſuch Muſical *High-Flyers*,
Are worſe than Jeſuits or Fryars.
And are nought elſe, in good Mens Eyes,
But down right Papiſts in diſguiſe.
Your idle Talk provokes my Anger,
I'll keep you Company no longer:

You may perhaps have ſome deſign,
There's Nine-pence for my Pint of Wine:
And ſo good Night t'ye, Miſter *High-Church*,
I'm ſure I ne'er ſhall be of Thy-Church.

[*Exit.*

High-Churchman.

[*To the reſt of the Company.*]

Good Night! Did ever Mortal Ear,
Such ſtrange Rebellious Notions hear,
Imbib'd from ſtupid envious Teachers,
Whoſe Malice only made them Preachers?
England, unhappy would'ſt thou be
Beneath ſuch Mens Authority!
Be wiſe and ſhun the ſad Diſaſters,
Of having ſuch Fanatick Maſters,
Who abuſe Juſtice, ſcoff at Reaſon,
Hate Loyalty, and nouriſh Treaſon;
And brand all thoſe that thwart their Knavery,
With love of Popery and Slavery.

May Heav'n Protect the Church and ...
From what such Saints would fain be at,
That the Queen long may Rule the Nation,
And Her Arms gain such Reputation,
As to establish Europe's Peace,
And make all Foreign Discords cease:
Also with one pacifick Smile,
Our Home-Divisions reconcile,
And ever bless our Fruitful Isle.

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